Fellowship

• *February* 1950 • Vol. XVI—No. 2 • 20 cents a copy—$2.00 a year

Be Still, My Soul

Be still my soul: thy God doth undertake to guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still my soul: the waves and winds know His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Kathrina von Schlegel, 1697

I Believe, by A. J. Muste
Bars Across Our Days, by Lowell Naeve
Project: Brotherhood, by George M. Houser
Japan Moves Toward Peace, by John Nevin Sayre

ff A. J. MUSTE's 65th birthday, which fell on January 9, was the occasion for celebrations in New York and Chicago, the former of which was a reunion of people who had known A. J. from his college days, in his labor education and union organizing work, and into the FOR again. . . . George Houser, in his article "Project: Brotherhood," tells the fascinating story of the Washington Interracial Workshop of 1949, and its victories for better racial understanding and nonviolence. The job done by the Workshop in ascertaining the facts behind a racial clash, in drawing up a workable plan for solving the problem, and in the careful groundwork they laid among the mixed population of the area for a renewal of interracial swimming without further clashes and enmity, is an excellent example of the achievements possible by the nonviolent method where intelligent research and planning are brought to bear. . . . Nevin Sayre contributes an interesting analysis of the situation in Japan, the climate of peace there, and the danger of its being dissipated in the present difficult world situation.

FELLOWSHIP

Published by the

Fellowship of Reconciliation

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FELLOWSHIP is published monthly except August. Re-entered as second-class matter July 1, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Lebanon, Pa.

20 Cents a Copy $2 a Year

Fellowship

the journal of the fellowship of reconciliation

February, 1950 Vol. XVI—No. 2

Subheads

Choice

We doubt that the dilemma of modern man has ever been more clearly presented, though unwittingly, than it was recently by William L. Laurence, science writer for the New York *Times*. Commenting on a rumor that some scientists might refuse to work on the new hydrogen atomic-bomb, Mr. Laurence dismissed the idea as unfounded, reporting that "representative scientists" greeted the suggestion with a "mixture of resentment and amusement."

Actually, says Mr. Laurence, the scientists recognize that there is no moral issue involved. As with the uranium bomb, the Russians have the basic know-how, and presumably can make an H-bomb themselves. Since the Russians "refuse to accept a program of international control" of atomic weapons, and since, like the Nazis, they threaten the "destruction of all the moral values of Western civilization," this country "is left with no choice but to accept the challenge."

"Since a question involving moral values implies the possibility of a choice," writes Mr. Laurence, "the fact that no choice exists means that the problem does not involve moral values."

So here it is, the fruition of all our dreams of human freedom and maturity: where survival is at stake, we have no choice but to use however cruel and savage means we can lay our hands to. To preserve the moral values of Western civilization, which are rooted in a concept of the dignity of the individual, we must not hesitate to lend our efforts to the anonymous slaughter of countless numbers of individuals, destroying their homes and laying waste their lands. To safeguard our right to worship a God of love and pity, we have no choice but to lay about us with a wanton fury that has had no parallel in human history. To preserve a nation we must not shrink from destroying a world. It is better for a man that a millstone be tied around his neck and

he be cast into the sea, says Mr. Laurence, than that he should risk his survival by refusing to help with the murder of millions of little children.

There *is* another choice, of course —there always has been. It is open to scientists and soldiers, and to all the rest of us. A man can choose to die human rather than to live inhuman. A man who can face the possibility of destroying a world to preserve a nation, can face the risk of seeing a nation perish so that a world may survive. A man who can face with equanimity the prospect of a war fought with atomic weapons should be able to contemplate a struggle carried on without weapons. A man who can conceive of something good evolving from monstrous hate should be able to imagine some fair fruit from a concrete expression of love.

We should know by now what we are so sure the Communists have forgot: that moral values must determine the means or they will not be present in the end.

Technological Unemployment

Our man McTavish, who can find trivia to worry about in the most elemental catastrophes, has hot-footed it to us with the news of the consternation the hydrogen bomb announcement has caused in the uranium-prospecting business.

McTavish claims that quite a sizable group of occupations sprang up after the Atomic Energy Commission's announcement of a $10,000 bonus for the discovery of any high-grade uranium deposit. The Government Printing House hopefully came out with what it hoped would be a best-seller in a 123-page handbook entitled *Prospecting for Uranium,* while New York's upper-crust sporting goods house, Abercrombie and Fitch, in the same ad that extolled the virtues of a Maryland Duck Press ($57.50), offered a handy pocket-size Geiger counter for $54.50.

According to McTavish, the H-bomb news has thrown a pall of gloom over the whole business. Sales of the government's pamphlet have fallen off sharply, and Madison Avenue is lined with the Cadillacs of disappointed prospectors, exchanging their Geiger counters for Maryland duck presses and forking over three dollars to boot. It just shows how careful these scientists ought to be about the social effects of their work.

Precedent

Any COs who anticipate putting in an appearance before a court, draft board, loyalty review committee, or whatever, might paste in their hats a recent statement by President Truman about "the faith we profess—the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God." Said Mr. Truman: "Men and women who have this faith will refuse to bow to force. They will refuse to worship the power of the state."

Weak

We picked this revealing little comment out of a *Times* dispatch on the state of the Italian auto industry: "Absence of competition makes Fiat dealers relatively weak salesmen. They seldom try to sell a car to someone who 'cannot afford it.' It is doubtful if a big internal market could ever be built on that approach."

I Believe

By A. J. MUSTE

Executive Secretary, F.O.R.

On January 14 members of the Fellowship and other friends of A. J. Muste gave him a party at the Community Church in New York City in honor of his 65th birthday. Several speakers presented eloquent and glowing tributes to "A. J.," but the most significant speech of all was his own "Statement of Belief." The bulk of it is reprinted here.

FIRST OF ALL, I believe in God. I think it is possible to build a reasoned argument for the existence of God, though there are serious dangers connected with the effort. It is not on that account, however, that I believe in God but simply because I cannot not believe in him. He is given in my experience and as the ground of all my experience as surely—more surely—than this hand which I raise before my eyes, this desk which I grasp.

This does not mean that I behave consistently, as this belief requires. God has always been to me at least as much the Demand from which we try to escape—I suppose my Calvinist upbringing may account for that—as he is the Everlasting Rock upon whom we rest, the Redeemer who makes no conditions when we return to him after having tried everything else—to whom we do never turn until we have tried everything else.

Secondly, there is a noble line in the Creation story in Genesis on which I have dwelt repeatedly during the years: "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day." I do not think there has been a day in my conscious life when I have not had some moments in which I have been shaken and renewed and transported by some aspect of the ineffable beauty of the creation. There are many days when the revelation of beauty in the face of a child or an old man, in the deep blue sky, in a poem, a dance, in the leafy tracery of a tree, is almost continuous.

Some of you will know A. E. Housman's poem about cherry blossoms:

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

So I felt about spring blossoms when I was twenty and there were still innumerable years left. So I feel about them now at 65 when according to Housman's reckoning, which I do not accept, there are only five years left.

The Pursuit of Truth

Thirdly, I believe in the pursuit of knowledge, of truth, wherever it may lead. The fact that scientists prostitute their knowledge, imagination and skill to make atomic bombs and biological weapons causes no greater revulsion in me than the suggestion that therefore there should be a moratorium on science, that "there are some things that the human mind should not pry into." No safety or peace in any sphere of life is ever purchased by an evasion, a slurring over, a trembling at fact or truth. There are few things for which I am more grateful than for the fact that at 65 my curiosity is as unslaked as it was at six or sixteen. I pray God that the mind of man may never lose its insatiable curiosity—which is the courage of the mind—or have it even a little dulled. The remedy for the risks which that involves is not that some ecclesiastical authority or politbureau should place a clamp upon the mind of man but that man should develop a conscience to match his mind.

Fourthly, I believe that every human being is to be loved equally —and is equally worthy of love. One of the greatest sentences ever uttered in all human history is the familiar one: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." I think I can honestly say that I try very hard to keep this truth—this fact—that all men are to be loved equally in clear focus before my mind's eye.

This is not to say that human beings do not perform many unlovable actions. It is not to say that every one has an equally good mind, any more than that every one's nose is as big as mine. The law that all human beings are to share equally the love we have to give springs, for one thing, from the fact that love does not ask merit in advance from the object of its love. It is by being accepted that human beings can become acceptable, not the other way round. To every one of us the word of the Apostle applies in the profoundest sense: "Ye are not your own, ye were bought with a price" by parents, friends, the patient generations who have gone before us and who served us before ever we had proven to be meritorious. And the law that we must love all our fellows equally springs, in the second place, from the fact that when one sees himself truly he knows there is no one below him, no one whom he has any right to shut out.

The special love which we receive from and give to parents, lovers, children, has for its purpose to reveal the nature of love to us: its richness, the possibility of the including attitude toward others. If it fails to do this and becomes exclusive it is terribly cor-

rupting so that in such a case Jesus can say: "If a man hate not father, mother, wife, child . . . he cannot be my disciple."

Fifthly, God does not issue blank checks. Life does not guarantee us results. We have to work for the causes in which we believe as if everything depended upon it, not because we shall then be successful but because it is right. One way to express this law of life is of course to say that you cannot eliminate the Cross from life and history. Another way to say it is that there is an element of tragedy in life and that in us, therefore, an element of hardihood and toughness is needed.

I want to bring in part of another Housman poem here, which I probably read more than once at Brookwood Labor College graduations. After referring to those who unavailingly resort to drink to meet life's intractable and tragic aspects, he gives his own counsel:

Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good.
'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it: if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.
There was a king reigned in the East:
There, when kings will sit to feast,
They get their fill before they think
With poisoned meat and poisoned drink.
He gathered all that springs to birth
From the many-venomed earth;
First a little, thence to more,
He sampled all her killing store;
And easy, smiling, seasoned sound,
Sate the king when healths went round.
They put arsenic in his meat
And stared aghast to watch him eat;
They poured strychnine in his cup
And shook to see him drink it up:
They shook, they stared as white's their shirt:
Them it was their poison hurt.
—I tell the tale that I heard told.
Mithridates, he died old.

The Coming of the Kingdom

Finally, I believe nevertheless in the coming of the kingdom of God on earth, in the achievement of the revolution which will bring to pass a brotherly and peaceful human society. It is a paradoxical thing to say this after what I have just been saying; and certainly that heavenly kingdom will not come if we will work for it only on condition that its coming is guaranteed. It may seem utterly mad to assert this hope in a day when cynicism has become synonymous with sophistication and profundity, and hope is esteemed

a vice rather than a virtue. Nevertheless, I do so believe.

Now my recent observation and experience in India have greatly strengthened my conviction that this true revolution can only be achieved nonviolently.

There is perhaps just one thing on which all the people who come to such a gathering as this, and whose respective primary interests are in the fields of labor, adult education, religion, civil liberties, the independence of subject peoples, internationalism, or pacifism, would agree: that is the thing we call democracy—the way of life which gives a central place to respect for the human personality, its rights over against the state or any other institution, and the freedoms of speech, press, assemblage, association and religion which the development of free spirits require.

Therefore, we are also united in regarding totalitarian communism as a menace, and in believing that it is of crucial importance to find a way to combat and stop it.

I am more than ever convinced that the future of all the causes for which we are working depends now upon immediate and unconditional abandonment of a policy of war to stop Russia, or violence to "contain" communism. If the future is one of war and civil strife, no semblance of a free economy will remain, and labor will be enslaved to the war-making state. Civil liberties will not survive the militarization of life. Subject peoples will throw off one yoke, only to have a more galling one placed upon them.

War, together with the economic disruption and the social unrest which it entails, plays into the hands of the Kremlin. The Communist doctrine that the goal of history can only be achieved by violence, will not be disproved but validated by counter-violence. Violence and totalitarianism are twins: so are nonviolence and democracy.

Gandhi demonstrated on a grand scale in one situation, that of India, that nonviolence is capable of scientific application to social problems. The Gandhian science of nonviolence must now be developed and applied on a world scale.

Stalin or Gandhi

The choice before us is between Stalin and Gandhi. World-shaking events, such as the Communist conquest of China, occur almost daily, to drive home for those who have eyes to see the lesson that there is no other choice.

Now to say that the nonviolent revolution, the divine-human society, can be realized on earth is to assert the possibility of miracle. That is precisely what I mean to assert. The universe, life, history are ultimately miraculous in the sense that they can never be fully explained as effects of causes in the past. Something new emerges, is born—born in the life of men and of mankind out of decisions men make, out of a response they make to something ahead rather than to a shove from behind.

The ancestor from whom my first name derives, Abraham, is the great symbol here. It is said of him that he "went out not knowing whither he went." The great Eleventh Chapter of Hebrews makes it clear, however, that

Abraham and men and women like him could not define their goal precisely, they did have a direction. They were seeking a city, and not the city from which they had come. If it had been they could have returned to it as, alas, most of those who leave it tentatively and do not simply remain rooted in that which is, do.

Abraham is then the living symbol of the great historical, revolutionary, creative law that the important thing about any man, people, age, is not their past but their future—not the city from which they came but the city to which they go, by which they are irresistibly drawn, for the sake of reaching which they do not shrink from fire and sword, destitution and affliction, bonds, imprisonment or death.

They run the risk, it is true, of getting lost, for in the nature of the case that city which they seek is not yet to be found on any map. They and their fellows have by God's grace to bring it into being. And they may dream erratic dreams or build carelessly. But it is they alone who have a chance to find that city—who ultimately shall find, for it is written that "God himself is not ashamed of them, to be called their God."

Thus Abraham. And if in some small measure I may continue in the years ahead to symbolize and be faithful to the mad, relentless, joyous search for that city which is to be—the city of which all true workers, all true educators throughout the ages, all true revolutionists, all true democrats, and all true men of faith have dreamed—I shall be more than content.

CONDITIONS

A high spot of the A. J. birthday party was the presentation of a check to Mr. Muste by John Haynes Holmes, acting for the committee and those who had contributed to the gift. A portion of Dr. Holmes' remarks, somewhat paraphrased, follows:

"There are three conditions, my dear Muste, that go with this gift, and I mean to see that they are observed. The first is that you give this gift to Mrs. Muste, who is alone fit and competent to save it and care for it. The second is that you must spend the money on yourself and your loved ones—or just on yourself. If you have ever wanted a Packard automobile, or a fur coat, this is the time to get them. . . . The third condition is that you must spend the money, not save it, and that you must spend it all within the next five years. Do not worry when it is gone, my dear Muste, for at the end of five years you will be seventy, and you will have a host of new friends, who will express their affection and esteem with a much larger check. And if the one who presents that check to you is a man of my profound wisdom, he will tell you to spend it all in five years, for at the end of *that* time you will be seventy-five, and so it goes. . . ."

DAYS WERE LONG AND EXPERIENCES NEW AND RASPING TO THE COs WHO "DID TIME" DURING WORLD WAR II.

Bars Across Our Days

By LOWELL NAEVE*

Illustrations by the Author

July, 1941

Sentenced in New York to a year and a day for tearing up his draft card (after registering inadvertently), Lowell Naeve was sent to the new Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Connecticut.

THE CRASH OF THE DOORS made me, as it probably did most men, go to the window at the other end of the cell, peer out. The crash of the doors, peering out, made me feel that Danbury, where I now was, was a *very very* strange place.

A man's first night where he is to do his first time—a night full of many reflections—

mountain stream

a small wooden bridge

I saw the water swirl about Madeline's ankles as she waded

only a month ago we had gone on a picnic in Van Cortlandt Park

mountain stream

I saw the swirling Missouri River, widely scattered white houses, brick buildings

SIOUX CITY the folks at home

New York Foley Square the court house the judge who sentenced me I thought: the right of one human to imprison another what a strange assumption.

The days in quarantine—the first the second, the rest—went very much the same. . . .

The first thing we heard in the morning was a bugle sharply calling out reveille. (I envisioned a row of army tents, a row of soldiers, disgruntedly standing at attention.) Next there were sounds of keys—a key opening the quarantine door. There were sounds of a guard shuffling about inside the cell block, laying his brief case and keys on a table, hanging up his coat.

We stayed in our bunks, waited. We heard more jangling of keys then a key turning the lock of a lever box. The door squeaked as it opened. I imagined the guard peering into the box to see that all the dials and levers were "just right." He took hold of a lever; the long steel arms above our doors scraped, fell into place. The moment was near. . . .

—A shrilling piercing whistle. It entered every cell, filled the void between the opposite tiers. The echoes of the shrill died out, leaving the cell block cold and hollow. A curt command: EVERYBODY UP! Our cell doors slid open

* Selected from *A Field of Broken Stones*, published this month by Libertarian Press, and printed here by permission.

simultaneously. Like everyone else I looked through my open door at the tiers of cells across the way. Everyone was getting up.

We didn't want to get up, but we did. Why? We didn't know. . . . We just got up. Behind me and behind every man hung one vague doubt: if we didn't do what we were told, what would they do to us? There was the "hole"; various stories and descriptions of it were going the rounds. If the authorities put us in the hole, in solitary, for a couple of months, would we be able to take it?

There was this big question mark. So—everyone got up, everyone did as he was told.

When the guard said, "O.K., boys, let's mop up," we mopped up. If the guard said, "Let's clean the brass," we cleaned the brass; it made no difference if the brass was clean and we felt it could be made no cleaner. If the guard said "O.K., line up," we lined up. That's all there was to it. Dictatorially prisons are run; by threat the men are ruled.

The only thing that kept each individual, including myself, from feeling completely stupid and ridiculous was that he saw everyone doing the same and obeying the same as he did.

When we went to eat we were made to line up to get our food, told where and how to sit down. After breakfast, which was very poor, we were sent out to work on the yard gang. The yard was the square that the surrounding dull-yellow buildings enclosed. The prison had no walls as such—the smooth-faced buildings were themselves the walls; they looked high and unclimbable.

Danbury was only a few months old. The yard was a good deal the way the construction company had left it: barren and bleak, uneven broken mounds of yellow clay.

The yard gang was already at work. The yard-boss, a tall sturdy guard, dryly motioned us over to a pile of well-worn picks and shovels. We were lined up, told what to do. Very shortly the other prisoners informed me that picking was, for the most part, "just to keep us busy."

As I went through the motions of working, following the mind and wishes of the guard, I struggled with my emotions. I wanted to use my time constructively. I disliked being pushed around but I decided to say nothing for awhile —maybe something would happen. At times it felt as though my growing disgust was going to rise out of my stomach and speak of itself.

We picked till noon. We were taken to eat. We picked all afternoon till 4:30, then we were, with

the rest of the prison, locked up and counted. Shortly after the count we were given food again. The rest of the evening and the night we were kept in quarantine.

Each day the prison's dictatorial regimentation was grinding into me more and more. We weren't supposed to think, just supposed to do and obey. Each command was a threat—we did as told, or else!

After breakfast on the fifth day I was given a new assignment. They didn't ask me, just told me—"Go with the guard there." It was assumed I would go.

I went, said nothing. . . . Inside me was a rising feeling I could hardly suppress. With some other prisoners I followed the guard across the yard. I was completely disgusted with myself for obeying. I knew as I followed the guard that sooner or later I would have to balk at being dictated to.

I looked ahead at the walk. Twenty feet forward was a spot. I looked at the spot, and I knew I was going to stop. I grew warm all over. I felt a gathering of my loose emotions. I reached the spot, stopped.

The guard and the other prisoners reached the green door they were headed for. The guard turned, counted his men. He noticed me standing in the walk about forty feet back.

"Hey, you!" he yelled, "Come on!" I said nothing. "Hey!" he yelled, "What's the matter?" He waited a bit, then walked towards me. "What's the matter?"

"I can't go any farther."

"What do you mean?"

"I won't go any farther."

He broke in: "You mean you refuse to work?"

"You can call it whatever you want, I don't care. . . . It's just. . . I want to have some say how my own life is to be run. I'm tired of being dictated to."

He acted as though he didn't hear me. "Are you coming along?"

"No."

"Well, we'll see about that."

He took me over to a cell house in the corner of the yard. I wondered what was going to happen but I didn't particularly care. With another guard, he marched me up past three tiers of barred cells locked me in a top cell.

The burning growl inside of me was gone. I had opposed what I thought wrong. For the first time in a month I felt sure and collected.

January, 1942

After a short stay in the observation ward of the prison hospital as a result of this action, Naeve was released by Warden Gerlach with permission to work three or four hours and to paint the rest of the time. When Naeve found that the Warden expected him to do portraits of himself and some of his family, and used his studio, in showing visitors around, as an example of the freedom the men at Danbury enjoyed, he balked and was sent to the close-custody cell block and his paints taken away.

In January, in the daytime I had to put on all my clothes and get into bed, or walk briskly up and down to keep warm. It didn't make much sense. There were cell houses that had heat all day. So I asked Captain Thieman through a note for a change to another cell house. The request was ignored.

"My" cell was on the busiest corner of the cell house. I was put

there, possibly, so the other prisoners might razz me and con me —"Ya can't beat the system." This did occur at first. But when the authorities baited me with the meals, wouldn't let me have pencil and paper to draw with, refused to move me to heated quarters, all this changed. By January the men were still kidding, but differently. "That's the way, kid," they would say, "it's good to see somebody make a chump out of 'em. Just stick to your guns. By the way, if there's anything you need, just tell me."

The men smuggled me food from the officers' mess!—officers' eggs, officers' cheese. They slipped me pastry, candy. On several occasions a guard smelled the odor of strong cheese and shook the cell down. A built-in shelf under the tabletop held the cheese. The perplexed guard sniffed, hunted. The hidden shelf and the cheese were never found.

One guard (an antique) was going in reverse. "They ought to allow you to paint." He offered to smuggle a set of water colors into the prison!

March, 1946

Naeve was finally released, enjoyed his freedom for awhile, then began to feel unhappy at the thought of the men still in prison, one or two for the second time. He went back to New York, began a sit-down strike on the courthouse steps, and was arrested and given a three-year sentence. Back in Danbury he joined a work-strike of COs protesting segregation of Negroes at the institution, and eighteen of them were put into a segregation cell block together.

Two weeks slowly passed. We definitely settled down to thinking that no action would be feasible for a month or two. One morning Zernoske yelled out: "Hey, come here—look out of my window. There's a guy standing in one of the hospital windows, he's naked and he's got chains on."

Several of us took a look. A very healthy-looking man about twenty-four years old stood in a large hospital cell-window, struggled and pulled, frantically trying to free himself. We watched him for awhile, then most of us went back to what we had been doing previously. None of us wanted to get into action. We were tired of protests. But as a few minutes passed I and no doubt others kept re-seeing the man struggling to get the chains off. I began to ask myself, why put the man in chains? I tried to imagine how I might feel if I were chained up. If I were, I was sure I would want someone to help me.

Soon I found myself, along with Bob Hegler, Roger Axford, Clif Bennet and several others, yelling out of the cell-house windows at prison officials: "Hey, what's that man doing up there in chains?" "Get that man out of chains!

What's going on? What are you trying to do with that man up there?"

Twenty-five or thirty prisoners began to collect below the cell house to watch the prisoner try to free himself. Soon a hack ordered: "Move along, move along." The men moved reluctantly. Some moved a little and then stopped. We yelled down: "Hold your ground, let's get that guy out of chains."

Meanwhile Bob, Len Mehr, Lou Lindenbaum, Worth Randle and Roger were removing the steel locker-runners from their bunks. With the bars they began to pound the door between segregation and the hospital. Soon the pounded door was booming like a series of continuous explosions. When the prisoners in the yard heard the booming, they became determined to stay where they were. Others joined them.

The door roared; Bob took an occasional peek through the hospital keyhole. Very shortly he saw chief medical officer Dr. Knight hurrying to the door. Bob motioned. The pounding chopped off abruptly. Bob yelled through the keyhole: "We want that man out of chains! That's barbaric. Don't you know how to treat a human being?"

The doctor at the other side of the door—nervously—"I'm running things and I know what's best."

Bob—tensely, hoarsely—"I've worked in mental hospitals and I know that in any decent place, crazy or not, they don't put a man in chains. You'll only drive the man frantic." Then demandingly: "We want that man out of chains."

The doctor told Bob it was none of our business what went on in the hospital, went away.

When the doctor heard the crashing din strike up again, he came rapidly back to the keyhole, said in breathless desperation: "We'll get the man out of chains as soon as possible. Just give us a little time. Just give us a little time."

A still quiet followed. We waited. In two or three minutes we saw that hospital guards were in the man's cell. A little later the prisoners outside yelled up: "They took the chains off."

Our emotions sagged. We had, in the hour and a half, again become extremely tired and nervous. Somehow the protests were emotionally and physically tiring. We hoped no need for action would come up, but it seemed that protests and more protests were all ways ahead.

Philosophy I

The bridge that really is here
you must imagine,
but the unreal shores are too apparent
in our twilight.

Let the railings go
and with eyes closed
raise the structure where
axioms require:——

The bridge looms higher;
even out of today
you may know it on
into tomorrow.

—William Stafford

A REPORT ON LAST SUMMER'S WORKSHOP IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL, IS

Project: Brotherhood

By GEORGE M. HOUSER

Secretary, FOR Race Relations Department

WHEN THE twenty-two members of the 1949 Interracial Workshop[1] arrived in Washington last July 1, they found themselves involved at once in tension. A near race riot had occurred at the swimming pool in the Anacostia Park area of the District two days before, and Secretary of the Interior Krug, who supervises this park, had ordered the pool closed. Following closely on the rioting at pools in St. Louis and Youngstown, Ohio, the outbreak made the issue of interracial swimming of major importance to liberals generally.

What could a group of young people, rather unfamiliar with the Washington scene, contribute toward the solution of this problem in only one month's stay in the nation's capital? We had a very strong desire to do something effective; we had a burning conviction not only that violence was tragically wrong in dealing with any social problem, but that segregation by race is a denial of everything we hold dear; we had twenty-four hours a day for thirty-one days to give to the task. These things, of course, would not insure that we could accomplish anything. Nevertheless, we tried.

First of all we investigated the facts. We discovered that supervision of parks and recreational facilities in Washington was divided between the District of Columbia Recreation Board, and the Department of the Interior. Any park that is on federal land, as distinct from District property, is under the jurisdiction of the Interior Department. We discovered that ever since 1933 the Department of the Interior had operated theoretically on a non-segregation policy, while the Recreation Board has always maintained racial segregation in its facilities both theoretically and actually.

The outbreak of violence took place at the Anacostia pool, which is under the control of the Interior Department. Newspapers garbled reports of what happened, according to our careful investigations. They claimed that fifty Negro youths, spurred on by the Young Progressives of America, had overrun the pool, causing a mob to gather and racial clashes to occur. YPA members were supposed to have toured the Negro area near the park urging Negroes to use the pool. When we

1 Sponsored jointly by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Congress Of Racial Equality and the permanent Washington Interracial Workshop.

visited the head of the park police force in order to get his version of the near riot, he said the Young Progressives had pockets full of money they handed out to any likely Negroes to pay their pool admittance fee.

Our inquiries disclosed that a non-political, but sincerely militant, group known as the Consolidated Parents Group had initiated action at the pool. For years liberals in Washington had said something needed to be done about segregation in the swimming pools. What good did the non-segregation policy of the Department of the Interior do if it was not put to the test? Facts indicated that Negroes suffered from segregation as usual, for Red Cross statistics for the years 1945-48 revealed that of the school age children who drowned in this four-year period, 79.7% were Negro. This was not just accidental. All of the drownings occurred in lakes and rivers that were unsupervised. Of the forty-one pools (public and private) in Washington, only four are generally used by Negroes.

The Consolidated Parents Group, we learned, had sent a limited number of Negro youth to the Anacostia pool on successive days in June. The first day only two boys went; the second day six, the third day ten; the fourth and final day about sixteen. There had been some threats by white youths against Negro swimmers from the first day, but on the fourth day this opposition was clearly organized. Young Progressives had made the strategic mistake of passing out leaflets on the fourth day. This had caused even a larger crowd to gather than would otherwise have been the case. Fighting broke out, and police quelled the disorder, arresting only a handful of the participants. Secretary Krug issued his order closing the Anacostia pool. It is interesting to note that McKinley pool, also under the control of the Department of the Interior, was simultaneously visited by Negroes. No violence broke out here, but there was a very marked tendency during the summer for white swimmers to go elsewhere. Both the McKinley and Anacostia Park areas have a large Negro population.

We Learn the Facts

Our group spent five or six days during the first part of July gathering all the facts necessary on the pool situation. This included visits to the pool grounds, talking with people in the pool area, a long interview with the police chief, shorter talks with Negro police who had been assigned to duty when violence broke out, talks with representatives of the D. C. Recreation Board, contacts with the Young Progressives, and the Consolidated Parents Group. We felt we had enough information now to approach the Department of the Interior. We asked for a time to see Secretary Krug, but learned he was out of the city. Therefore we saw Assistant Secretary of the Interior Girard Davidson. We learned that the Department was floundering around to discover its next move. It was under pressure to reopen the pool on a segregated basis and turn it over to the Recreation Board to operate. Yet the Department officials knew that they could not with impunity negate in effect the civil rights program of President

Truman. They wanted to reopen the Anacostia pool on an interracial basis, but did not have a plan to fulfill this purpose. We offered to work out such a plan.

The next step of the campaign was obvious. On the one hand we must urge groups and individuals from all parts of the country to send letters and telegrams to Secretary Krug asking for a reopening of the pool on an interracial basis; and second, we must offer a practical plan whereby the pool could be opened without violence occurring. Hundreds of letters and telegrams did pour into the Department of the Interior due to our efforts. Even more important, we were responsible for working out a plan which had to be considered seriously by all concerned parties. More than twenty-five Washington organizations supported the plan as it was drawn up and submitted both to the Recreation Board and to the Department of the Interior. The newspapers gave good notice to the plan. The plan called for a limited number of police to be on duty, for interracial life guards, for sympathetic personnel in the bath house prepared to deal nonviolently with any threat of violence, for health precautions for all swimmers, for limitation on hours the pool was to be open during the first two weeks, and for only younger boys and girls to be admitted during a two-week transition period.

The most difficult task we had was finding qualified white lifeguards who were sympathetic to the cause we represented. It was much less difficult to locate Negroes. At least fifty individuals and organizations were seen or called in a three- or four-day period for help on this task. In order to gain some support for the interracial idea in the Anacostia area, some of our Workshoppers spent several days simply contacting churches and civic organizations there. This did not meet with notable success, although it was enlightening to talk with those whose racial prejudices went very deep. Two Workshoppers circulated a petition among the boys and girls of Anacostia which read: "We the boys and girls of the Anacostia area are willing to swim together regardless of the color of our skins. We are anxious to use the pool as soon as possible, and we pledge our cooperation in maintaining orderliness at the Anacostia pool when it reopens." In two days of canvassing many signatures were obtained. The police intervened in the signature collecting campaign at one point. But our Worshoppers took this opportunity to talk with the police on their responsibilities in meeting a crisis such as arose at Anacostia. The campaign continued.

The Results

Anacostia pool did not open as a result of our work, but we made it more possible for the pool to be unsegregated next year. Dr. E. B. Henderson, the recreation director for the Negro schools in Washington, wrote in a widely syndicated column: "Too much credit cannot be given to the work being done in Washington by the Interracial Workshop, sponsored by the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Congress of Racial Equality, in clearing the way for a broader recreation program for all the citizens of Washington. The Work-

shop has devised a plan whereby swimming in the controversial area of public pools might come on an interracial basis with the least degree of friction. . . ." Secretary Krug wrote us, ". . . I am in complete concurrence with the basic objectives of your proposal and believe that they can be attained. . . . I again wish to express my appreciation for the cooperation which you are extending to this Department in this difficult situation and commend the Interracial Workshop for the splendid effort it is making to bring about harmonious relationships between the white and Negro citizens of the National Capital."

But all of the above does not tell the whole story. It doesn't tell about Don Coan's being called a "damn Communist" and being given a punch in the jaw when an interracial group visited one of the so-called white pools on an investigation project. It doesn't tell of Dick Talbert's being threatened with a beating by a tough Anacostia resident as he was trying to gather information. It doesn't tell of Joffre Stewart's investigation of violence involving the near-drowning of a Negro boy in the McKinley pool. It doesn't tell of the many nights we worked till almost morning putting out essential mailing during the campaign. But it does indicate the scope of what we tried to do—and with some success.

But this was only one of our projects. While eight or ten of our Workshoppers were giving full time to the crisis at the swimming pools, another group equally as large was giving major attention to the restaurant facilities at the Greyhound bus terminal. We learned that almost universally Negroes are refused service in any eating places outside the Negro section of the city. Notable exceptions are the Union Station, the YWCA cafeteria, and the government cafeterias. Of course only government workers are supposed to eat in the government cafeterias. Thousands of persons who ride the Greyhound first see Washington at the bus station. On the ground floor of the station is a new, modernistic restaurant—for white people only. In the basement is a poorly lighted, poorly ventilated room where Negroes may be served. The fact that the National Airport had changed its policy to one of non-discrimination less than a year before our Workshop opened convinced us that it would now be strategic to give some major attention to the bus station.

The Greyhound Campaign

A campaign to change the policy at the Greyhound had been in progress for more than a year and a half, but had met with little success, and was now lagging. We joined forces with those Washingtonians who were still at work on Greyhound, and on the third day after we arrived in the nation's capital, participated in a sit-down at the Greyhound restaurant lasting for two and a half hours, late Sunday afternoon. Although we had only about thirty-five in our total group, monopolizing less than half the available seats, the sit-down was very effective. Our group drifted in by twos and threes over a half-hour period, spreading ourselves out. Management could not tell which of the white persons coming into the

restaurant were members of our group, and which were ordinary travelers. Therefore, thinking we were bent on filling every seat, whenever a customer vacated a table, thus obviously not being part of our group, all the chairs were turned upside down and set on the table. This meant business was virtually at a standstill while we stayed in the restaurant. Although attention was called to our presence by this tactic, no unpleasant incidents occurred apart from a remark or two by observers. One sailor wanted to start a fight. But another sailor invited a Negro member of our group to join him at his table. The police stood by, but made no move to interfere.

New interest in Greyhound was aroused. We decided to call a public strategy meeting for all those interested in the campaign. We allowed only a few days for the promotion of this meeting, but almost a hundred key Washington people attended. Here it was decided that if we could not reach some agreement with management by a week hence, we would begin a full-time sit-down. We felt we could get the recruits for such a campaign, and that if all participants remained steadfastly nonviolent throughout, we could not fail to win a change of policy. We actually had already arranged a time schedule and had lined up many local Washingtonians to participate in this demonstration of indefinite duration, when to our surprise and joy we were successful in our negotiations with management.

For a year and a half the local Washington people had never been able to arrange a date to see the owner of the Greyhound restaurant, not to mention reaching a satisfactory agreement. But in less than two weeks, with the help of our Workshop, a committee of five, including two of our members, met with the owner, and arranged for a trial non-discrimination period. Subsequently, we met with the owner and found he was satisfied he was not losing business and that no trouble had occurred. White waitresses for the most part would not themselves serve a Negro patron, but would call a Negro bus girl to take the order. We felt that over a period of time this practice would end.

We Go to the Theatre

One other project emerged toward the end of our Workshop which took considerable time. This concerned the segregation pattern of Washington theaters. No Negro may attend a theater in the downtown section of Washington. He may not even sit in the balcony. We thought a strategic moment to attack this evil would be when "Home of the Brave," a film with an interracial theme, came to one of the theaters. We stirred up interest in the issue by drafting an open letter to the New York owner of the theater where the movie was to be shown, and got the leading liberal organizations of Washington to join us in signing it. We then distributed leaflets outside the theater in which we urged the public to see the film, but to bring to the attention of management the contradiction between its segregation policy and the theme of the movie. One policeman threatened to make an arrest during the leafleteering, but did not

follow through on this after checking with headquarters. Our Workshop closed before this project was completed, but we laid the foundation for what was done subsequently in the way of a standing interracial line before the ticket window, making clear to patrons that the policy of the theater was discriminatory, but not blocking the entrance. This technique received excellent response from the patrons, many refusing to go in.

Although the life of the Workshop is built around the projects, there is much more which could be told. The educational meetings where nonviolence is discussed, and where leaders in various walks of life present vividly their experience in the struggle for a greater justice, are of great importance. Dr. Sushila Nayar of India, George L. P. Weaver of the CIO, Senator Hubert Humphrey, NAACP and Urban League leaders are some of those who met with us. The strategy discussions in our own group, although taking too much time very often, are an essential part of the learning process for the Workshopper. And we have lots of fun, too—picnics, swimming outings (apart from projects) and parties. Finally there are the bull sessions, getting to know what makes others tick, being drawn close to other Workshoppers by going through trying experiences together—all these add up to a deep sense of fellowship. Workshoppers leave the project tired from the long hours and strenuous work, but it is not surprising that we have received many letters saying: "The Workshop was the most important experience yet in my young life."

Dreaming of Peace

Dreaming of peace, how long I have waged war.
Bidding all men disarm, I cannot lay
my own fierce weapons down. The futile score
shows nothing but defeat, yet day by day
I wrest my little life from God's great hands,
declare a state of siege, rebuild the wall
secure around my famine stricken lands
and there my prisoned heart reigns lord of all.

Since God himself will not turn enemy
I cannot have my way, for none contends,
and what I dreamed at first was victory
is only silence as the struggle ends.
Now he who fought stands wordless and alone
among his cities fallen stone on stone.

—Peggy Pond Church

Japan Moves Toward Peace

By JOHN NEVIN SAYRE

Chairman, International FOR

On a round-the-world trip for the IFOR which began last September and will end on February 21 when he returns to New York, Nevin Sayre reports from Japan. On his return here he will write about other countries he has visited and the pacifist movements there.

A MISSIONARY who has lived in Japan for many years and who was on intimate terms with Prince Konoye at the time of the Emperor's surrender, told me that a month or more before the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima the Emperor had asked the Russian Embassy to inform the Government of the United States that Japan wanted peace and was prepared to surrender. He waited in vain for a reply. As the weeks passed the Emperor became convinced that he must make a new move although this idea was bitterly opposed by his military chiefs. He secretly left the palace and made two radio records announcing the official surrender of Japan and telling his people to accept the Americans when they came in, as friends. These records were secreted separately in the broadcasting station and palace with the intention of releasing one of them a day or two later at 11 a.m. Then word was sent out that all the people were to listen to a broadcast by the Emperor at this hour. It was an unprecedented step of rare valor by the Emperor, who thus risked assassination by his military. It is said that they found and smashed the record in the palace but did not know of the duplicate record in the broadcasting station. An attempt would probably have been made on the Emperor's life had he left the palace to go to the radio station on the fateful morning. However at the appointed hour the radio record carried the Emperor's voice to his people and to the world and a number of war lords committed *hara-kiri*.

Hardly less dramatic was the entry of the first contingent of American troops. A soldier in this group told my missionary friend that as they had been ordered to march in without rifles and swinging both arms, they fully expected to be massacred; and that afterwards would come a month or two of the bitterest fighting of the war while Japan was invaded and totally subdued. Various persons told me that in fear of the Americans Japanese women and children were, as far as possible, evacuated to the interior from Tokyo and coastal cities and that newspapers had urged the men of Japan to fight to the last man and that in some places the country

people were sharpening bamboo poles as final weapons. But there was no bloodshed. The Emperor's broadcast, General MacArthur's wisdom and the perfect discipline and restraint of America's GIs wrought the miracle of immediate reconciliation.

Prime Minister Yoshida said to me that in two days the women and children came back to Tokyo. He added an amusing personal experience. He recounted how after the surrender and the resignation of the Premier, when he was motoring to Tokyo to take over the reins of government, his car was stopped on the road by two American soldiers. He did not know what was going to happen but as he speaks very good English—he was once the Japanese Ambassador in London—he asked the Americans what they wanted. They said they wanted to go to Tokyo and asked for a lift if he was going that way. He took them into his car and as they sped along toward Tokyo, a friendly conversation ensued. One of the GIs asked him how he had learned to speak such good English. After a bit they offered him cigarettes and chocolate.

Honeymoon Ended

Of course the honeymoon period when both Japanese and Americans discovered each other to be humanly so different from the war propaganda epithets, has now passed. There are many day-to-day irritations arising out of the unnatural relationships of the Occupation. A peace treaty with Japan is long overdue. I believe that the Japanese people could run their own government tomorrow and it would be a democracy and not subject to seizure by the Communists, although there would no doubt be plenty of things needing improvement and correction. We Americans have not done a perfect job in Japan. We executed and purged too many of the so-called war criminals. And other things might be mentioned. Yet all that I heard from the Emperor on down leads me to believe that the vast majority of the Japanese are grateful to America for not allowing the masses of the people to starve in their post-war extremity and for General MacArthur's considerateness to a nation stunned by overwhelming defeat.

Two days in Hiroshima added to the conviction that Japan is sold to peace. On one of them I was invited to deliver an address at a meeting of two thousand social workers, which was attended by the Governor of the Prefecture, the Mayor of Hiroshima, the President of the National Convention of Welfare Committees and other dignitaries. My talk was an appeal for the total rejection of war and armaments and for the creation of world government. It was warmly applauded and given good space in the newspapers. The next day, a Sunday morning, I preached in the church of Rev. Tanimoto, the clergyman whom John Hersey tells about in his story of Hiroshima. In this damaged church to speak to a congregation which had suffered so terribly from the atomic blast about Christ's plan for peace was a deeply moving experience. The peace-making power of the Gospel transcending national hostility was vividly present. The monument which has been erected

in front of the ruined Industrial Exhibition Hall which was the center of the bomb explosion, bears the inscription, "Erected by the Hiroshima Children's Cultural Association in memory of the Explosion and to make the event the cornerstone of the eternal world peace." As I looked at this memorial in its grim setting—for the ruined building has not been restored—I marvelled at the forgivingness of a city setting an example to all humanity for peace.

A Pacifist Nation?

The new Japan, as everybody knows, has adopted a national Constitution which renounces war and abolishes national armament. Whether this will turn out to be only a paper promise, like the Kellogg Pact or the American prohibition amendment, only time can show. But a real effort is being made by the best elements of the nation to convince the rank and file that Japan's true destiny lies in fulfilling this pacifist role. The Emperor, the Prime Minister, Dr. Kagawa and other leaders believe in it. General MacArthur told me that in his opinion Japan will be safest if she follows this line and has no army, navy or air force whatever. Kagawa is president of the World Federalist Movement of Japan and also of the "International Peace Association." He is pushing these ideas through his various publications. There is also a "Federation of International Religious Fellowship Societies" which is working actively to promote peace through religion. A letter from its director to the World Pacifist Meeting which was held in India stated:

> "As you know our new Constitution declares solemnly at home and abroad that Japan renounces war for all time to come. So, we are resolved grimly to hold fast to *permanent neutrality*, even if another world war breaks out although this may involve eventually martyrdom of our entire nation . . . and this is what amounts to our atonement for what we have done erroneously in the past."

In October I attended a great meeting for peace and remembrance of the war dead held in the auditorium of the Sports Center in Tokyo. Here ten thousand persons stood for one minute together in silent prayer. In the center of the arena was a globe representing the world, before which flowers were presented by delegates of the four religions which had joined in sponsoring the meeting. A procession of one hundred top ranking officials of Shintoism, Buddhism, Christianity and Mohammedanism marched by in colorful robes and divided into four groups which stood facing the globe while each delegation presented its offering. They remained standing at attention throughout the speeches of the occasion. A Buddhist priest delivered the introductory address, a message was read from the Prime Minister and from a Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago. The Minister of Education gave a talk. In the whole assemblage I did not see a single national flag or military uniform. The dove of peace was the emblem featured and the world globe the center of attention. Religion here was not the handmaid of the state. It rose above nationalism making a universal appeal to all peoples to build beyond governments, to build

world fraternity for one family in one world.

Japan's present will to peace can hardly be realized unless there is a response and cooperative action from other parts of the world, and especially from the United States. Japan's economic problem was serious before the war and it is doubly serious now. What she saves from ruinous military expense added to the diligent labor of her people will not feed, shelter and clothe her teeming population, which is now deprived of Formosa and other territory, unless doors for emigration and economic opportunity are opened to her in areas beyond her present borders.

Japan faces a legacy of distrust and hatred in the Philippines and other countries where the memory of her savage occupation policy in the war years survives strongly. If she is not met with forgiveness, economic reciprocity and friendly assistance in the arts of peace we cannot expect that her present mood of repentance and desire to serve the peace of the world will continue. If the United States and Russia in pursuance of their cold war should each strive to attach Japan to their war chariot as they now seek to pull Germany apart, the result would be disaster. Though Japan might be deprived of military armaments there might come the temptation to go in for economic aggression. Her business interests might find a way to regiment her people in a ruthless campaign to exploit weaker nations in Asia and other parts of the world. It will be impossible to economically imprison her as a "have not" nation without thereby throwing her wide open to the misery and discontent on which communism thrives. In these circumstances the democracy and peace which the United States has held before Japan as an ideal to emulate, will dissipate as an insubstantial dream.

But if the Christians and churches of America will rise to the world challenge which confronts us, this need not be. Have we not the faith to see beyond the handwriting of doom in military alliances and atomic bombs, the living spirit of God in the nonviolence movement of Gandhi, in the pioneering sacrifices of conscientious objectors to war in the West, in the growing demand for peaceful world government, in the ecumenical movement to heal the disunity of Christ's Church? In the hearts of good men everywhere there is a rising tide of sentiment against war. This is a day which the Lord hath made. May our hearts be open to his leading.

Blue Jay

I don't like the blue jay.
He's a jingo.
Sending other birds a-flying,
Denouncing and defying,
Agitating all the day
In a storm
Of chauvinistic lingo.

Yes, I know all that, but oh
What a handsome uniform!

—Bertha Lee Broyles

News from the Peace Front

Draft Extension Introduced in Congress

On January 13, a bill to extend peacetime conscription for three years from the present date of expiration in June was introduced in the Senate by Millard E. Tydings, Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

A few days later a similar bill was introduced in the House, and hearings began in committee on January 23. No one has been drafted under the current Selective Service Act since 1948, and the international situation seemed less acutely dangerous, but military spokesmen continued to urge its necessity to show that we mean to stay tough. The military are also pushing for UMT or its equivalent, but chances of its passage under present conditions seemed slim. The American Legion came out against extension of the draft, whose value as a deterrent to enemy aggression "was long since past," it said, but favored UMT.

Five Nonregistrants Sentenced to Prison

Robert Wixom, of Champaign, Illinois, was sentenced to a year and a day, and is out on bond pending appeal.

Marvin Howard and *Leonard Rockwell* and *Wilford Guindon* were sentenced on October 26 in Fairhope, Alabama, to a year and a day each. After hearing that they were Quakers and that their Meeting supported their stand, Judge John McDuffie told Hubert Mendenhall, clerk of the local Meeting: "Then you're as guilty as they are. . . . If you don't like this country, you should get out and stay out."

Gregory Votaw of Chicago was "automatically registered" by officials under the Attorney General's circular of May 26, and the case against him dropped.

Dr. Wirt Warren's appeal was turned down by a unanimous decision of the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver. He is under a two-year sentence for counseling his stepson not to register, although the stepson did not take his advice, and did register.

Charles Frantz, Edgar Norton, Richard Shufflebarger, Robert Richter, William Wildman and Robert Wixom are out on bail pending appeal.

New Members Elected to Council

In December the Fellowship held its annual election for members of the National Council. New members elected were Harold Bosley, Tom Fukuyama, Milton Mayer and Edwin McNeill Poteat. Re-elected were Allan Knight Chalmers, Allan A. Hunter, E. Stanley Jones, Kirby Page, Arthur L. Swift, Jr., Howard Thurman, Dan West, Norman J. Whitney and DeWitte Wyckoff.

CO Bill Introduced in French National Assembly

André Trocmé, French FOR Secretary, writes that a bill to provide civil work for conscientious objectors has been introduced into the French parliament by André Philip and five other French M.P.s. According to André Philip it has little chance to pass, because the Socialists are afraid that if they support it they will be accused, as they were in 1940, of weakening the French defense. A good number of M.R.P. (Catholic left wing) members will vote for it, but the right wing, of course, is absolutely opposed. What line the Communists will take is still uncertain. If they oppose it their strength, united to the right wing, will surely defeat it, but if they support it many of the deputies will think the law is a Communist maneuver to weaken French resistance to the encroachment of communism from the East.

Nevertheless, André Philip has decided to risk it, and the French FOR is organizing a nation-wide campaign for its support.

André Philip asks that pacifists in countries which have a CO law should demonstrate, as did A. J. Muste and others in Washington last fall when they called on the French ambassador, telling him that the persecution of COs in France is a scandal for liberty-loving countries. They should point out that there is no solution for a CO in France today except a series of one- and two-year sentences from the time he is twenty until he reaches fifty and is above military age.

Anti-Discrimination Drive for Brotherhood Month

Pledges have already begun to come from readers who felt themselves challenged by the call to action for brotherhood of the Race Relations Department, which appeared in the January issue of FELLOWSHIP. It asks all who believe in racial brotherhood to reaffirm their faith during February by refusing wherever possible to use segregated facilities of any kind, and to inform the management of such facilities of the reason for the refusal. If you have not already done so, send in your pledge to the Race Relations Department and begin immediately to carry it out.

Number of IV-Es Now Over 10,000

Men in the United States and Territories who had registered and received IV-E classification under the Selective Service Act by September 1949, was at least 10,516, according to the National Service Board for Religious Objectors. The current figure was 8,397 at that time, since men who become 26 are reclassified as overage, whether they are COs or not.

The states with the highest number of IV-Es were: Pennsylvania, 1,396; Indiana, 1,030; Ohio, 1,023; and Kansas, 1,009.

The Jewish Peace Fellowship wishes the names of interested Jewish pacifists for an expanded program. Write to Sandy Katz, 232 West 29th Street, New York 1, New York.

Moreau, French CO, Has "Impossible Problem"

Jean Bernard Moreau, the young French CO with whom Garry Davis has declared his solidarity, reported to the barracks when he was first called to the Army, but refused to put on uniform. He was taken before the captain, who said he had no conscience whatever, at which a nurse who was present exclaimed: "Tell him, Captain, that he has too much, not that he has none."

As the captain turned on her an NCO interrupted with: "But Captain, clearly enough this is an impossible problem for a Christian. If I am in the army it is because I am not a Christian. If I became one I could not answer for the consequences."

Interracial Workshops Planned for Summer 1950

The highly successful Interracial Workshops which have been conducted for a number of years by the FOR Race Relations Department will be continued this summer with month-long Workshops in Washington, D. C., and St. Louis, Missouri.

Washington and St. Louis, the capital of the nation and one of the biggest industrial cities in the country, are both on the borderline of the jimcrow country. The opening last spring of the Anacostia Pool in Washington and the Fairgrounds Pool in St. Louis on a nonsegregated basis were accompanied by racial clashes in both cities. Knowing from experience in ending discrimination at other pools that such clashes could have been averted, the Interracial Workshop and CORE worked out plans and laid the groundwork for opening the pools again, still without segregation, and for preventing further trouble. Although their plans were lauded by government and pool officials, however, both pools remained closed for the rest of the summer. (George Houser's article on page 13 of this issue gives details of the Washington situation and the plan for its remedy.)

In addition to working on the swimming pool problem the Workshops will tackle discrimination in restaurants and lunchrooms. Last year in Washington the policy in the Greyhound Bus terminal lunchroom was successfully changed, and the St. Louis CORE group has been working on downtown lunchrooms.

Accompanying the action projects, there will be group discussions of nonviolent techniques and of particular problems, in which persons prominent in the field will participate with Workshoppers. Participation in either of the Workshops for the full month will cost about $70 for food and rent. This does not include travel expenses. Some scholarship aid will be available to those who need it.

Each Workshop will run from July 1-31. Only twenty-five men and women can be accepted for each Workshop, so send in your application soon.

There are seven people per square mile in the United States; whereas in Germany, due partly to the influx of refugees, there are now 442.7 people per square mile.

Pamphlets Distributed Door to Door

The Peace Pamphleteers have put out a series of three simply worded leaflets which, with other free peace literature, they are distributing from door to door throughout the country. Volunteers in any part of the country to do this work will be welcome. Members of the Committee include George Hartmann, Cecil Hinshaw, Roy Kepler, Mary Bacon Mason, A. J. Muste, Kenneth L. Patton, Valerie Riggs and Caroline F. Urie, and the Committee's headquarters are at 23 Coolidge Hill Road, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

College Section to Conduct Peace Caravans

The College Section of the Fellowship, under the direction of Bayard Rustin, plans to conduct Peace Caravans, somewhat along the lines of those which the American Friends Service Committee formerly organized. Although increased hysteria and irrationality, and the greatly complicated world situation make such projects difficult, it was felt that the values to be derived, both by the participants and by peace education in the community, were so important that they outweighed the other factors.

Participants will be young men and women of college age who are mature and articulate in explaining their pacifist stand. There will be a training period of from two to three weeks, carefully planned and conducted, and then the group will go into a selected community. There they will work with existing organizations and concerned individuals to some extent, but bringing their particular concern vitally to the fore. Where possible they will spend part of their time doing some project work as a means of becoming an integral part of the community where they are attempting to do educational work, but it will not be primarily a work camp. The project will last from June 15 to August 15.

The help and cooperation of interested people throughout the country will be needed to make this job a success. The project will need:

1. The names of college students you may know who may be interested.

2. Financial contributions to provide for students who cannot afford to pay their own expenses.

3. The names of adult couples who could be leaders of such a group.

4. Information about community groups which may wish to welcome and work with a Caravan.

Write to the College Section if you can help on any of the above points, and for further information about the Caravans.

The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette* published an editorial on the Larry Gara case which read in part: "It is important that a man is being punished in peacetime by a mighty nation founded on the principle of freedom of worship because he counseled another of his faith to have the courage to stand by his own convictions." The editorial is due to FOR member Walter Gormly of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, who wrote and called on the editor, and supplied material about the case.

New Zealand Pacifists Meet Mob Violence

The people of New Zealand voted recently in a referendum to establish peacetime conscription in their country, by about three to one. During the campaign New Zealand pacifists, as part of their educational program, conducted street meetings to present the anti-conscription position.

On July 1 they held a meeting in the little town of Motueka, on the South Island. On July 8 a group of about fifteen went to the city of Nelson, where they paraded with sandwich boards, announcing an outdoor meeting, and then went to the meeting place.

"As soon as we assembled at the meeting place," reports A. C. Barrington, President of the New Zealand Christian Pacifist Society, "a large crowd immediately gathered. I spoke for about ten minutes and then handed over to Hubert Holdaway. He had barely got going when heckling increased and a man came to the front and called for returned soldiers to fall in. A double row of from twenty to thirty formed up and the crowd moved up behind them. Eggs began to fly. . . . Soon the returned soldiers charged, pushed Hubert off the box and removed it. We were pushed up the steps and then flung down in the press of people. Then there was a cry for the Nelson public lavatory and I was seized and forced along the road to it and forced inside. The police present on the whole seemed amused and entertained by the proceedings, and were not observed to caution or try to restrain anyone. I was pushed into the only closet and the door shut on me, and I was addressed through it. After a few minutes, interest was diverted elsewhere and I was able to emerge, to find Hubert Holdaway being brought in to take my palce. On my way back to the 'meeting,' I met Merv Browne on his way similarly. Back at the steps I essayed to speak once more, but the situation had become hopeless, and in the end I made an announcement closing the meeting and saying we would be back." One of the other men received even rougher treatment. He was threatened with a ducking, his trousers were ripped off and he was paraded on a truck. At one stage a man swung on the scarf around his neck, and when he was finally "rescued" by the police he had a sprained ankle and many bruises.

On July 22 the next meeting was advertised and held. A crowd, reported by papers to be several thousand strong, had gathered and was held in check for awhile by police. Before long, however, pressure grew too strong, and the pacifists were pushed, tripped, and their clothes ripped, but luckily no one was seriously hurt. Later that day the members actually went from house to house and distributed anti-conscription leaflets.

All of this happened in a democratic country, in peacetime, and over an issue which was being publicly debated and on which a referendum was being held.

Paul and Jean Johnson, FOR members, left on December 7 for Palestine under the auspices of the AFSC.

Jottings

The Rev. Richard Paul Graebel, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield, Illinois, and an FOR member, has been named, with two other clergymen, to the Illinois Interracial Commission. The function of the Commission is to investigate means of assuring equal opportunities to all and to help promote good will.

* * *

The Rev. Kenneth I. Morse, FOR member long associated with youth work of the Church of the Brethren, has been named editor of *The Gospel Messenger*, Brethren magazine.

* * *

An allocation of $65,750 of state housing funds to a Quaker self-help housing project in Philadelphia, in which families are converting slum dwellings into modern apartments, has been made by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The AFSC launched the project in North Philadelphia last June. Most of the houses involved are row houses, built about the time of the Civil War.

* * *

Prof. Patrick M. Malin of Swarthmore College has been appointed Director of the American Civil Liberties Union. He succeeded Roger Baldwin in that position on January 1. Mr. Baldwin will continue to handle the international work of the Union, and will also act for the International League for the Rights of Man.

A new pacifist denominational fellowship, the Peace Fellowship of Presbyterians, U. S., has been affiliated with the FOR. Its officers are Rev. Olof Anderson, Jr., Louisville, Kentucky, Chairman; Rev. D. Yandell Page, Danville, Kentucky, Vice-Chairman; and Rev. Henry Lofquist, Asheville, North Carolina, Secretary-Treasurer.

* * *

Lawrence Scott, FOR member who has been head of Fellowship House in Kansas City, on December 1 took on part-time work as Peace Education Secretary in the Des Moines, Iowa, AFSC office.

* * *

Jameson Jones, FOR member who a few months ago won an essay contest sponsored by the World Council of Churches on what young people can accomplish toward peace, was elected president of the National Conference of Methodist Youth at its ninth annual meeting in early September. He had served for a year as managing editor of the Conference's publications.

* * *

Dr. James Morgan Read, FOR member and director of the foreign service section of the AFSC, has been appointed director of the division of educational and cultural relations for the High Commissioner of Germany. He will serve as adviser for education, religious affairs, community activities, women's and youth activities and welfare work.

Books

The Final Propaganda

Psychological Warfare, by Paul M. A. Linebarger. Infantry Journal Press, Washington, D. C. 259 pp., $3.50.

This study in psychological warfare does not attempt to substitute psychology for violence but rather assumes that psychology should be used as the servant of war. The author believes that war accomplishes something. "Your purpose in fighting is to make them change their minds. It is figuratively true to say that the war we have just won was a peculiar kind of advertising campaign designed to make the Germans and Japanese like us and our way of doing things."

The author, who was an Army officer in the American Psychological Warfare organization, thinks of psychological warfare as being required before shooting war actually begins. "It may be assumed," he says, "that the pre-belligerent stages of psychological warfare will become almost chronic as soon as ultra-destructive weapons are possessed by more than one nation."

The military do not of course think of psychological warfare as being waged only against another nation. One of the closing comments in the book indicates that if "the ultra-destructive weapons tear down cities, countries, populations, civilizations, so fast that the soldiers themselves know the old world to be lost, the war can be expected to degenerate into armed chaos. No man will fight when the context of loyalty is destroyed. In that final situation it will be the strange mission of psychological warfare to persuade the soldiers of a ruined or well-nigh extinct nation that their country still exists, that war still has meaning, that even though they die they will not die altogether without purpose."

One cannot help wondering whether the Army's psychology specialists are not already working on the people of their own country to prepare them for any measure the Army deems necessary. —JOHN M. SWOMLEY, JR.

What Price Discrimination?

Discrimination and National Welfare, Ed. by R. M. MacIver, Institute for Religious and Social Studies. Harper and Brothers, 1949. 135 pp., $2.00.

Intergroup Relations in Teaching Materials, Report of the Committee on the Study of Teaching Materials in Intergroup Relations. American Council on Education, Washington, 1949. 231 + v pp., $3.00.

The first of these books consists of a group of lectures delivered from November, 1947 through February, 1948 at the Institute for Religious and Social Studies, an interfaith graduate school. The course during this period was concerned

with "The Costs of Discrimination in the United States" and this is the theme of the volume under review. The matter of "costs" is considered by the various contributors from varying points of view and with varying degrees of success. Following the editor's assessment of our potentialities and points of vulnerability as a nation, and a "spelling out" of the meaning of "segregated areas," the costs of discrimination in business, housing, education, the law, trade unions, the churches, and international relations are evaluated.

One of the most cogent statements in the book is made by Milton Konvitz in his discussion of "Discrimination and the Law." Raising the question of the persuasiveness of the argument of costs, Dr. Konvitz says:

"If only costs mattered, we would have no wars, no atomic bombs, no slums, no anti-Negro prejudice, no anti-Semitism; and no universities, no museums, no music, no churches, no babies, no poetry, no love. The significant question is not simply: how much? The significant question is: how much and is it worth it? The question of worth is a moral question. In order to answer the moral question intelligently one ought to know and consider the economic factors involved; . . . but in weighing costs we must always remember that man does not live by bread alone; . . . a man may sell a loaf of bread to buy a hyacinth for his soul."

Robert K. Merton's discussion of the American Creed raises some theoretical questions that have practical strategic implications for all groups which seek to change society in any significant way. (Anyone who has attended an FOR conference will recognize the truth of Merton's identification of the fallacies of the "all-weather liberals": group soliloquy, unanimity, and privatized solutions.)

Convinced of the costs of discrimination and the group prejudices which spawn and flourish upon discrimination, one may well ask how well the schools are meeting the problem in their teaching materials. This is just the point of the study reported upon by the American Council on Education. The results are not completely reassuring. While very few text books and study aids examined by the committee's staff were found

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to be openly or even consciously prejudicial in their treatment of the dignity of the individual, ethnic groups, racial groups, or religious groups, many were inaccurate. Even more frequently, use was made of weighted expressions, and prejudicially colored descriptive phrases. One of the most serious discoveries made by the committee, in the opinion of the present reviewer, was the frequency of errors of omission. Many texts failed to deal explicitly with the problem of the dignity of the individual person as an underlying assumption of democratic living. There appears to be a tendency to refer to Jewish religious practices as if Judaism had ceased to develop after Old Testament times. The more recently published books seem to be an improvement over the older texts in the fields and college text books are decidedly superior in their treatment of the problems of intergroup relations to those used in high schools. When one realizes that the text-book writers are probably more aware of the problems of intergroup relations than are classroom teachers, on the whole, one cannot feel too hopeful concerning the role of the schools in dealing with problems of intergroup relations.

—CHARLES R. LAWRENCE, JR.

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Pamphlet Parade

Peace Symbols, by Zonia Baber. Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 1948. 96 pp., $1.00.

Lavishly printed on heavy, slick paper, this book includes pictures of statues, murals, buildings, and other memorials to peace. They range from the Treaty Elm near Philadelphia where William Penn made a treaty with the Indians, to the Christ of the Andes, symbol of peace between Chile and Argentina, to the Peace Palace at The Hague. Each symbol is accompanied by a few paragraphs giving its background.

Rewarding Devotional

Letters of the Scattered Brotherhood. Edited by Mary Strong. Harper and Brothers, New York. 192 pages, $2.00.

I personally used this book for devotional reading for nearly an entire year and found it deeply satisfying. Though it breathes a Christian spirit and has originality and depth, I think it is an unusually good book for those who are not accustomed to Christian or religious terminology to begin with when they become concerned about the cultivation of the inner life. On the other hand, those who are familiar with devotional and mystical literature will also find its use rewarding.

The title derives from the fact that the passages in the book have been written by more than one person and have been published, according to the preface, in a religious weekly during the past fourteen years. It is, however, explained that "they are letters of

genuine spiritual experience; they are not contributions written for a journal." The book is certainly marked by the freshness and spontaneity which this suggests.

A characteristically helpful passage reads: "You often wonder why it has taken so long for certain events to be realized in your lives. . . . This is the answer; how long has it taken you to obey the simple requests given you? . . . All that is asked is an awareness of God's awareness of you, of the immense love of his spirit for you."

Probably the sentence I like best in the whole book is, "And remember never knit your brow, keep it holy!"

Interspersed through the book is a series of well-selected brief sayings by a great variety of writers both ancient and modern, oriental and occidental.

—A. J. MUSTE

ABOUT THE ADS

FELLOWSHIP declines advertising which it considers obviously unsuitable. However, it does not want to censor ideas. FELLOWSHIP feels that it is a sound educational and democratic approach to assume that members can and should decide for themselves which ideas they want to follow up and which are useless or repugnant to them.

Pacifist Hero

Spring Is Not Gentle, by Ronald Kirkbride. Doubleday, 1949. 271 pages, $3.00.

Here are popular ingredients:—the simple well-meaning hero; the svelte, half-peeled heroine; the dashing villain in a convertible; and the steam of sweet magnolias.

But the hero—he's a young Quaker. He tries all the good projects. He starts a co-op farming venture for the unemployed. He speaks up, against local prejudice, for interracial activities. He finally, even, announces his conscientious objection to the war—World War II.

You rub your eyes, and you wish the writer well; but the mixture doesn't blend. It is as if some FOR member had a few minutes at a regular book manuscript just before it hit the best-seller press. The objectives of the hero are quickly inserted, but there isn't time to put in the necessary qualifications, the nuances, the complexities—these get just a lick and a promise.

Anyway, it is fun to discover some Fellowship principles named in a modern novel. The naming, though, is about all this book offers.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

Send in your contribution to the FOR early. If the budget is assured the staff need not spend valuable time in the raising of money.

FOR Field Secretaries

Midwest: Albert Watson, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.; *Far West:* Orval Etter, 1941 Oregon Street, Berkeley 3, Cal.; *Southwest:* Glenn Smiley, Room 115, 213 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 12, Cal.; *Middle Atlantic:* Charles Walker, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Opportunity Month

We don't believe in being "Sunday Christians" and confining our religion to one day of the week; and we don't believe in being one-month-a-year race relations workers, either. But there *are* special conditions we can take advantage of in February to spread the gospel of brotherhood among all men, because many churches, schools and other groups and institutions have special Brotherhood Month projects into which we can gear our efforts. So write the Race Relations Department for suggestions, if you want them, and send for the books and pamphlets below to help with your project, and to give to libraries, ministers, and friends.

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By Bayard Rustin and George Houser

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By Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish

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By George M. Houser

CRUMBLING BARRIERS 40c
By Constance Rumbough

RELIGION AND RACE, BARRIERS TO COLLEGE?

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